



Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

**DECEMBER
1965**





PEARL tomb in a paved courtyard within the walls of Fatehpur Sikri, the abandoned city of Akbar, about 20 miles from Agra, India. (Roundup 1964 photo)

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 20, No. 10

December, 1965

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer

Editor

SECOND CLASS postage paid at Laurens, Iowa.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE

\$4.00 per Year

Foreign: \$5.00 per Year

\$7.50 Two Years

\$9.00 Two Years

Please Report Change of Address Immediately!

Direct All Correspondence to

Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 125

Laurens, Iowa 50554

Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **An article** in this issue tells of the big move to solve Calcutta's traffic congestion, by banning rickshaws, handcarts and bullock carts. Having revisited Calcutta only a few months ago, we know the problem. If you haven't been in a Calcutta traffic jam you've just never been in one!

● **Banning** slow-moving vehicles, however, has brought on another problem, throwing some 30,000 men out of work. Many of these people have no other ability; will find it extremely difficult to make a living at any other job. Apparently that's part of the price of progress.

● **This month's cover** shows a fierce-looking character many China-based CBIs will remember. He's one of the idols in a Chinese temple near Kunming. Photo by Ted Jackowicz.

● **Most interesting** feature of Ex-CBI Roundup, in our opinion, is the "Letters to the Editor" column. Subscribers often ask to "run more letters." We'd like to do that very thing, but we're entirely dependent upon you—our subscribers. If we don't receive the letters, we cannot publish them. We'd be mighty happy if you'd sit down right now and write us a letter . . . in fact, we'd like to see enough letters come in to keep us going for several issues.

● **And now**, since it's that time of year, we'd like to wish one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

DECEMBER, 1965



Liaison Duty

● As a sergeant, I worked liaison with the Chinese Corps Troops in India, Burma and China, and therefore am quite interested in Ex-CBI Roundup. It was only recently that I learned there was such a magazine.

EDWARD T. DUVAL,
Nobleton, Fla.

Edmund J. Fleming

● Col. Edmund J. Fleming, 62, last surviving chaplain of Merrill's Marauders, died Nov. 16 at Niagara Falls, N.Y.

(From a San Francisco Examiner clipping submitted by Ray Kirkpatrick, San Francisco, Calif.)



INDIAN children stand at attention at rear of Hindustani Building in Calcutta. Photo by Andrew Janko.



AMERICAN GI poses with group of Indians near Dudhkundi Airfield, Kharagpur, India, in 1944. Photo by John Brum.

Walter Honored

● Bucky Walter, one of the wartime editors of the original CBI Roundup, was honored recently in San Francisco, Calif., where he is tennis writer for the Examiner-News Call Bulletin, when he was presented the annual "Service Award" of the Northern California Tennis Association. "The award goes to Bucky not only for this year's contribution to local tennis but also for his long and devoted service to the game," it was announced by Bill Hoogs, president of NCTA, in making the presentation. Walter is president of the NorCal Tennis Writers Association.

(From a newspaper clipping submitted by Joel H. Springer, Jr., San Francisco)

12th Bomb Group

● One of your subscribers, Bob Zehentner of Dubuque, Iowa, has informed me that you might be able to give me some assistance in locating former personnel of the 12th Bomb Group, a medium bomb outfit which spent time in the CBI Theater from the middle of March, 1944, to the end of the war. Plans are being made for a reunion to be

held in 1966, the 25th anniversary of its activation, at McChord Field, Wash., "home base" of the 12th. Two letters and a questionnaire have been mailed to every name that has been sent to me. There were about 2,000 names and addresses to check on, from which I received about 600 replies and about 1,000 returned to me as being incorrect, insufficient address, etc. The other 400 did not

reply. A letter dated October 26, 1965, has been mailed to over 1,300 fellows. Any former members of the 12th not already contacted are invited to write me at once.

ROBERT P. ROTH,
508 S. 13th Street,
Wausau, Wis. 54401

Everything Else Up

● Am getting a little old for keeping up a house and grounds so am going from Hemet back to Los Angeles into an apartment. The magazine is still enjoyed; if you must raise the price, go ahead. Everything else is going up.

ROBERT E. SPENCE,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Will Never Forget

● Although I did not have the good fortune to see Joe E. Brown in the CBI Theater, before my unit (18th General Hospital) arrived in CBI in September 1944 he gave a performance for us in the Fiji Islands. I saw it there and I don't think I'll ever forget it. Especially hilarious were his impressions of Adolf Hitler and of a baseball pitcher throwing a ball, in slow motion.

CPL. A. AXELROD, Retd.,
Washington, D.C.



THIEVES MARKET at Kunming, China, where a variety of merchandise was offered. Photo by Ted Jackowicz.



NATIVE market of Kandy, Ceylon, with an ample supply of vegetables offered. Photo by C. P. O'Connell.

Reporter in India

● Warren Unna, a San Franciscan, is the new correspondent of the Washington Post and of the worldwide Los Angeles Times/Washington Post News Service in South Asia, with headquarters in New Delhi. His news arena includes Afghanistan, Nepal and Ceylon as well as Pakistan and India. Unna and Asia first met 20 years ago. He was a reporter on the Army's CBI Roundup, with a BA in international relations and a year of Chinese studies that had sharpened an instinctive interest in Asia. In 1958 he won a fellowship from the Institute of Current World Affairs for study in Asia. He learned that a Westerner who will really listen to Eastern viewpoints is a rare and welcome visitor. The listener also learned to dispense with formal interpreters when he could; to use English, "that contagious language," bridged by a little French or his rusty Mandarin. He is still in constant correspondence with friends throughout Asia.

(From a Washington Post clipping submitted by Charles W. Rose, Knoxville, Md.)

Merrill's Marauders

● Having served with Merrill's Marauders, jungle fighters of World War II in Burma, I am naturally interested in doings of ex-CBI veterans. It was only recently that I learned of the existence of Ex-CBI Roundup. Veterans of Merrill's Marauders have an annual reunion, and our No. 19 was held at Tread-

way Inn, St. David's, Pa., Sept. 3 to 5. Anyone interested in the Merrill's Marauders Association is invited to contact me, and I will pass along all the facts.

THOMAS J. MARTINI,
520 Long Beach Road
Island Park, N.Y. 11558

Golf Tournament

● In March 1945 the CBI Allied Open Golf Tournament was held in Calcutta, and I entered it. Another who competed was Johnny Goodman, U.S. National Open champion in 1933, who at that time was a private first class in special services and stationed in New Delhi. I met him at the course for the first time. Johnny was the favorite to win, but I understand he came in second and an Englishman won.

CPL. A. AXELROD, Retd.,
Washington, D.C.

Served in CBI

● Served in the CBI theater during World War II (1942-44). I didn't know they had an organization such as yours.

ALFRED G. PORTER,
Long Island City, N.Y.



VARIETY OF PIPES are used by this group of Chinese, having a quiet smoke at Luliang. Photo by Ted Jackowicz.

Christmas, CBI, in 1945

This remarkable column by Walter Stewart, sports editor of the Commercial Appeal, Memphis, Tenn., who died in 1958, has been reproduced in that newspaper each year for a number of years. He wrote it back in 1945 while serving in India.

By WALTER STEWART

SOMEWHERE IN THE INDIA-BURMA THEATER.

By the time you receive this, a Christmas which never quite seemed to reach India-Burma will be over in Memphis. The tinsel little trees will have passed through the brief purgatory of the garbage can, and the toys which gleamed so bravely in the December dawn must now be one with Nineveh and Tyre. It will be just another day of work, except, perhaps, for the seasonal glare of the new necktie.

In India and Burma it is Christmas Day—a fact which may be proved by the calendar and various other scientific media. The trees here are greener than those of summer, and the rambler rose is a splash of blood on plastered walls. The sky is mild corn-flower and beheesties splash water in the dust—spilling it carelessly across bare feet.

The Army has made an honest effort. There are football games, turkey dinners, bits of red and green paper in the hospitals and the day rooms. But it all seems to ring false as a brass quarter. For Christmas is home. Christmas is a big bird browned in your own oven, a holly wreath woven before your own fire. Christmas is tremendously personal and will never be an assembly line product.

But we really are being rather superficial and juvenile about it, aren't we. For, after all, Christmas is a wonderful something inside you—a sort of spontaneous combustion of the spirit. Christmas is always with you, because Christmas is the memory of Christ—the birthday of the gentle Man who was born in Bethlehem a long time ago. So perhaps the traditional trappings of Christmas aren't as necessary as we think. Essentially, a blade of Toledo steel is much more magnificent than the gold-crusted scabbard which houses it.

And from this vague blur on the map you get a new and more vital perspective. You see the horrid distortion of Christmas—the highly commercialized greed which permeates it.

Last night, we stood in the bar of an

officers' club and drank eggnog. The taste was definitely suggestive, and a few had reached the carol singing stage.

"Silent Night, Holy Night."

Over the bar's fireplace hangs a bright and informal coat of arms combining the Great Seal of the United States, the Star of India and an elephant suggestive of Burma. We were sloshing about in a pit of self-sorrow when we noted the neat lettering beneath this shield:

"Courage At The Front Deserves Your Silence In This Bar."

We had seen it scores of times, but now there was no front. There were only shattered ammunition dumps and caves with blackened mouths and a shimmer of white crosses beneath the orb moon—neat mounds of which had sunk in upon themselves under the wet savagery of the monsoon.

For them there was only the great loneliness of the jungle night and the cold, black loom of the Hump. There were no carols beside the jackal-haunted combat trails, just the high keening of mosquitoes and the distant rumble of a Naga drum.

They did not die willingly. They fought against death with all their craft and power, but they died for the principle which carried Christ to Calvary—peace on earth, good will toward men.

And where is this peace on earth—this good will toward men? Is it to be found in the shell-winnowed streets of Java towns—beside the low breastworks of Saigon—along the ice-flinted slopes of Northern China?

The ghosts that prowl the Burma night would like to know about this. They would like to know what they died for—these men who didn't want to die at all, but faced the great blackness with eyes as steady as their rifle sights.

They probably would like to know something about the monuments which will be reared in their memory, and they will not be satisfied with marble and bronze, for marble and bronze are cold, and freedom is a warm thing against the hearts of men. Peace is a warm thing and good will toward men—things to warm ghosts shivering with a pain not yet old.

So Christmas is a little unreal here in India and in Burma. It is unreal to the men who lack the deep-flowing contentment of home and lack, too, confidence

in a world which has been reborn in the ancient and cruel pattern.

Perhaps we would feel differently about it if we were at home cushioned by the mellow gaiety of shop windows and church bells reaching for the stars. Perhaps we are looking through the wrong end of the telescope, and perhaps this really is the first peacetime Christmas in four years—as the announcements say in jolly Old English type.

If you think that, you must believe that we lighted peacetime Christmas candles five and eight and 10 years ago when the throat of China gaped red before Samuri swords—when Spain bled itself white and Poland wallowed in the gory

dust with Holland and Belgium and France—when shabby, funny little Ethiopia burst like a ripe grape beneath the hooves of the Four Horsemen.

This may be a peacetime Christmas, and there may be good will toward men. But before taking it for granted, it might be wise to poll the new widows wailing in the slattern alleys of Tel Aviv—to count the bullet-riven sacks spilled along the hot roads of Soerabaja—to watch the ghosts who celebrate this peacetime Christmas in Northern Burma. You might ask them if those are crosses above their graves or only question marks.

—THE END

A New Look in Calcutta

By the Associated Press

From the San Francisco Chronicle

Calcutta's city fathers have swept the streets clean of rickshaws, handcarts and bullock wagons but they have cluttered the sidewalks with 30,000 men looking for work.

The city, ending a decade of debate on how to solve Calcutta's traffic congestion, banned all slow-moving vehicles on main thoroughfares from early morning to midnight.

The order was aimed primarily at 20,000 handcarts, used for movement of produce and goods.

The men who pulled the two-wheel carts soon found the order might as well have been a total ban. None of the shops and business houses they served are open during the night. Merchants turned to three wheel scooter vans for delivery of goods.

Also affected by the ban are about 6,000 rickshaw coolies and drivers of perhaps 1,000 bullock carts.

Trade union leaders and some newspapers objected that Calcutta already had a huge unemployment problem.

They also pointed out that hundreds of small sidewalk eating stands catered largely to the cart and rickshaw pullers and that many small repair shops handled maintenance.

Another argument was that the carts, by slowing down traffic, helped reduce serious accidents. It was pointed out that Calcutta, a city of three million people, suffered an average of less than 300 street and highway deaths per year.

In overruling the objections, officials pointed out Calcutta has only 502 miles

of roads for motoring and that these were clogged with 80,000 motor vehicles, 450 street cars, 6,000 rickshaws, 20,000 handcarts, 1,000 bullock carts and 50,000 bicycles.

They said the only way to prevent the daily traffic snarls—some so bad there is no vehicular movement for hours—was to clear the streets of slow-moving vehicles.

Officials told the cart pullers to learn to drive scooter vans.

The Post Office Department has doubled the charge for notifying us when a copy of Ex-CBI Roundup is undeliverable as addressed.

In addition, your copy of the magazine is delayed or may never reach you.

Help us—and help yourself—by notifying us PROMPTLY when your address is changed.

Ex-CBI Roundup
P. O. Box 125 Laurens, Iowa

Tension Reaches Point Of Explosion

The Kashmir Powder Keg

By HAYNES JOHNSON

*From Washington Sunday Star
October 17, 1965*

Tension between Muslims and the Indian army has reached the point of explosion in the Vale of Kashmir. Order there is being maintained only through force.

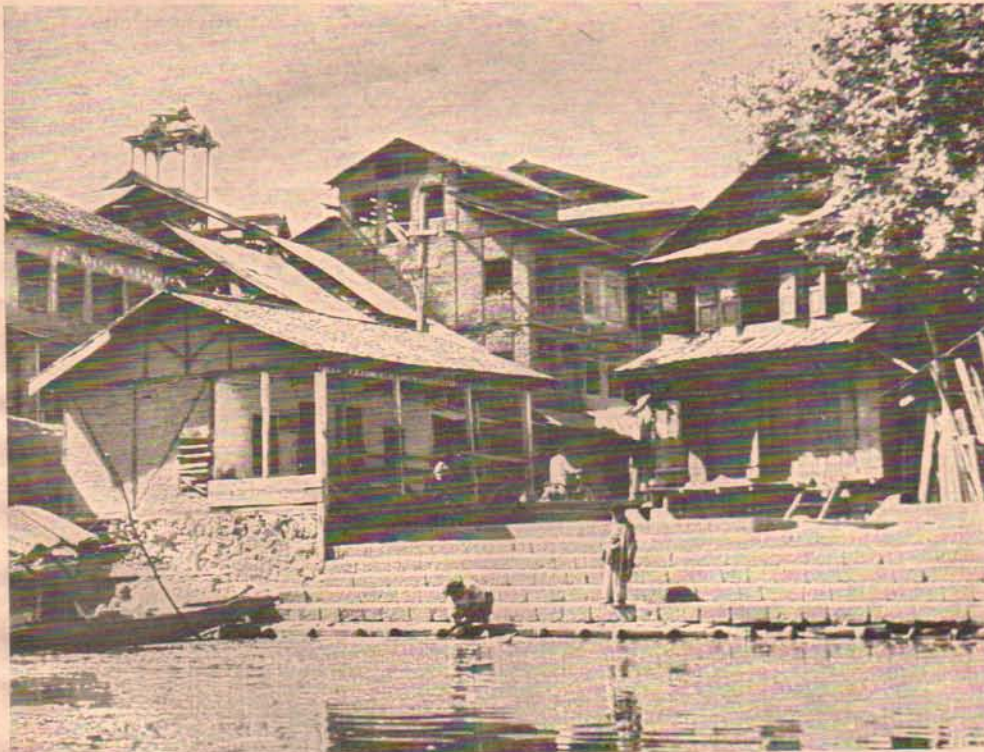
Within the last 10 days civilians and police have clashed on several occasions. At least four civilians have been killed. Kashmiri Muslims say the number of dead is closer to 27.

These conditions are a clear threat to the fragile cease-fire between India and Pakistan, for now as in the past Kashmir stands at the heart of their dispute. It is clear, from what is occurring in Kashmir today, that the world has not seen the end of trouble on the subcontinent of Asia.

The present inflammatory situation reached a climax last weekend in Srinagar, the summer capital and most important city in Kashmir, when a 24-hour curfew was imposed on the Muslim section of the city. The citizens were thus under virtual house arrest.

Until then demonstrations on behalf of a plebiscite to determine whether Kashmir should be independent or part of India or Pakistan had increased in size and fervor throughout the city. The demonstrations were led by students, including college girls, but the crowds who gathered to jeer Indian soldiers were composed of old and young, men and women.

Indian authorities, obviously fearing the situation was getting out of control, moved quickly to suppress the demonstrations. Four of the principal pro-plebiscite leaders were arrested at 4 o'clock



HOMES in Srinagar along the Jelum River, which is not only a thoroughfare but also a source of supply for drinking water. Women in center foreground are taking water from the river. (Roundup 1964 photo)

in the morning for what one official called "the security of the state."

Kashmiris say that hundreds have been arrested since the first of the month. They also charge that some have been beaten by police and that fire hoses have been turned against college girls and medical students.

It is impossible to determine the accuracy of such charges because Indian officials in Srinagar refuse to give any figures or details on arrests.

But this reporter has been in Srinagar and can report it is a fact that rocks have been thrown at troops, that civilians have been struck with long poles topped with pieces of iron, that Srinagar is an armed camp with soldiers every few feet, that crowds of young Kashmiris shout "Indian dogs go home," and that a deliberate policy of suppression of these facts exists.

Srinagar is in the grip of tight censorship—so tight in fact that even an Indian journalist was told he would be unable to cable any dispatches to his newspaper.

This correspondent happened to be the only American reporter in Srinagar last week end when the demonstrations were at their peak. A story reporting what was happening was given to the government cable office in New Delhi. It was never received by this newspaper.

In retrospect, it is not surprising, for officially India has taken the position that all is well in Kashmir.

Last month, for example, the Indian government published a pamphlet entitled, "Kashmir Answers Pakistan." The pamphlet includes what is described as a "recent photograph of a street in Srinagar where everything runs normally."

A reporter who travels to Kashmir for the first time finds the official viewpoint at total variance with the facts. The only thing normal about life in Srinagar today is the weather, and that is as lovely and unchanging as ever: warm sunshine, clear skies, soft breeze.

The first indication that all is not normal comes when you are stopped by an armed patrol on the outskirts of Srinagar at night. There is a curfew every night, it turns out, as well as a blackout. The second indication comes at the famous Oberoi Palace Hotel overlooking Dal Lake. The hotel is closing for the season the next day, the manager says, because "of the trouble." Counting this reporter, there were only seven guests in the hotel—three journalists and four United Nations observers.

In the morning one finds that Muslim shop owners have closed their doors voluntarily in protest against India and recent events in the Vale. Muslim taxi

and bus drivers also have joined the protest boycott.

Later one hears of protest meetings and rallies, of arrests on unspecified charges under the all-inclusive Defense of India Rules, of beatings and "atrocities" committed by Indian forces.

The center of the difficulty in Srinagar is in what is called the "Old Town," or the Muslim section of the city. It sits in the shadow of a Moghul fortress built 500 years ago on the crest of one of the Himalayan peaks surrounding the Vale.

This reporter walked through the narrow streets and talked with common people and pro-plebiscite leaders. The principal fact that emerges from those conversations is that the people—at least those one meets—want a plebiscite and an end to ties with India.

People are anxious to talk. They gather around a foreigner and tell, with a sense of urgency, what has been taking place. They even speak this way within the sight of troops, and that, according to those who knew Srinagar in the past few months, is a new development.

Then, townspeople would speak freely before a foreigner only in secrecy. Fear was a part of their lives. The fear is still present, but now Kashmiris seem filled with a kind of mission. In their zeal, in some ways they remind one of the American civil rights demonstrators in the Deep South.

And that, too, is a change in Kashmir, where traditionally the people have been characterized as placid, peacefully content to pass their lives in their Vale making blankets, colorful clothing and objects of art which they sell to tourists and to the world.

Today there is a new atmosphere.

Last week end in the old town, for instance, the atmosphere was electric with men and youths facing troops who kept a tight grip on their weapons.

In a house overlooking the street, I sat with two plebiscite leaders, Maulvi Mohmad Farooq, the young head priest of Kashmir, Mohammed Bashir Ud-Din, Grand Mufti of the States of Jammu and Kashmir and general secretary of the People's Action Committee.

"The whole of Kashmir is a big prison house," Farooq said. "There is no liberty at all and the government machinery is trying to hide the facts."

He told of what he claimed were atrocities committed by Indian forces—the burning of some 30 villages in the Vale as well as 700 houses in Srinagar itself.

"It is completely obvious that the people of Kashmir are sympathetic with our movement and they want to get rid of India by hook or crook," he said. "And the students are also demonstrating and

even the school girls—the school girls and the college girls—and it is deplorable that even youngsters have been arrested."

That afternoon he said he was addressing a protest meeting in the oldest Mosque in the center of the Muslim section. "Now you have come and we hope you will give the whole story of Kashmir," he said, extending an invitation to observe and listen while he presented demands for a plebiscite and formal protests against the recent arrests.

The rally was scheduled for 3 o'clock in the afternoon. By 2:30 the grounds inside the walled temple were filled with easily 3,000. People were still coming.

This reporter was forcefully stopped from entering by troops and told by an officer to report to the superintendent of police. The superintendent in turn said permission to enter must be granted by the divisional commissioner. At the military camp the divisional commissioner said, "I think you would be well advised not to go there."

He also said, "You see kids are throwing stones and police might have to retaliate."

When told that an American correspondent could only conclude that Indian officials wanted to withhold news of what the people of Kashmir were saying, the official quickly said he had no objections but local officers might want to keep foreigners away for "their protection."

An officer who joined the discussion said, "The presence of a foreigner might embarrass us."

Such attitudes only add to the problem of determining the truth of what are admittedly emotional, and probably biased, positions advanced by both sides in the Kashmir dispute.

On the question of burning of houses, for example, Indian officials concede that the houses were burned—but they say that Pakistani guerillas did it. The people in that section, however, say flatly and unanimously that the Indian Army burned their homes to the ground at 7 p.m. on a Saturday in the second week of August.

Some 4,500 people are homeless here today and that entire area, including the market place, is one huge charred ruin.

On the question of the exact number of arrests, India's principal information official in Srinagar, Shri B. P. Mathur, professed not to know if anyone had been arrested. He said he had no idea, and would not be interested in such information anyway because the State of Kashmir official would have those figures.

G. D. Sharma, chief information officer for Kashmir, also had no information

but said the Home Minister was the man to talk with. He promised to contact the Home Minister and call back immediately. He never called back.

But later, in response to repeated questions, he did admit that four action leaders were arrested and that rocks had been thrown after the protest demonstration in the mosque. He denied, however, that anyone had been killed, although he was contradicted the next day when the government announced that one person had been killed.

Among those arrested were Farooq and Bashir Ud-Din.

The arrests, the street fighting, the tension, the fear and the oppression that are present in Srinagar today are symptomatic of the over-all Kashmir issue. They are also representative of the grave problems confronting Kashmir, India, Pakistan and, for that matter, the United States.

The present difficulties surely signal more trouble to come.

As in the past, the people of Kashmir are caught in the middle.

For them life in the Vale of Kashmir, with all of its extraordinary blessings, should be among the most pleasant on earth. Yet it is one of the ironies of history that the people who live in the fertile valley encircled by the Himalayas have endured century after century of oppression.

In an endless succession they have been conquered and ruled by such as Mhirakula the White Hun, by harsh Muslim adventurers, by the Afghans, by the Sikhs, and by the Dogra Hindus.

Today their lot is little better.

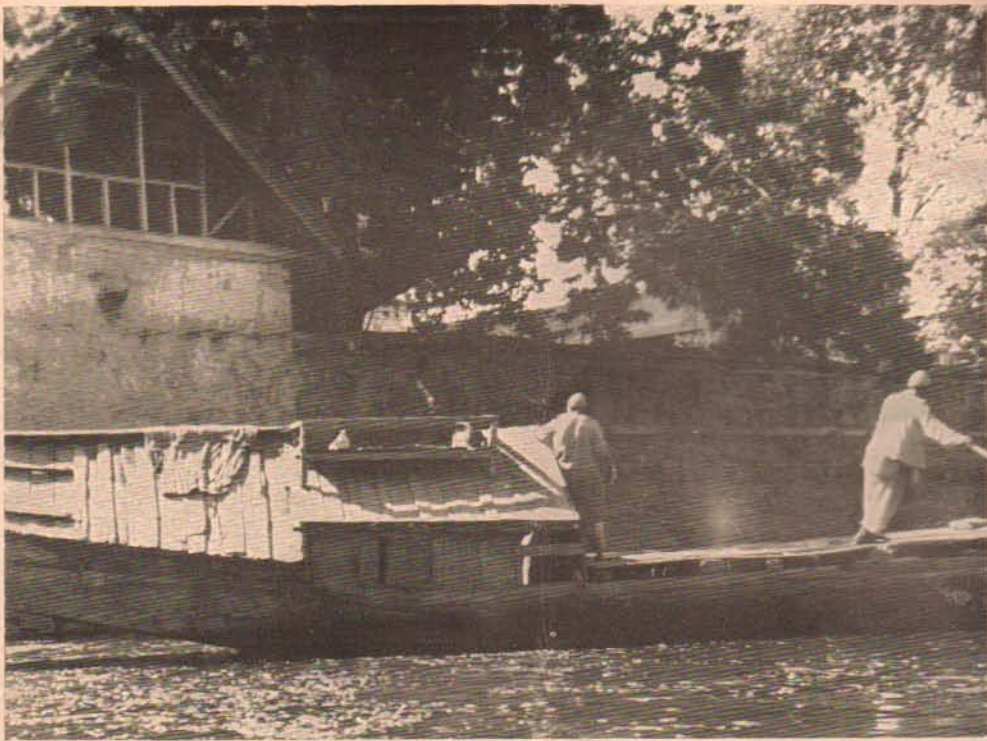
For 18 long years they have been in the midst of probably the most bitter national quarrel since the end of World War II. War, or the threat of war, has never been absent from the Vale.

In the past two months the fighting which first flickered and then flared into open combat between the opposing armies of India and Pakistan has brought no change to Kashmir. There is none in sight now that the armies have stopped fighting.

And what is happening today in Kashmir promises no relief from strife. If anything the situation has hardened since the ceasefire, and certainly in the last year.

Only a year ago on Oct. 12 Indian Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri said after conferring privately with Pakistan President Ayub Khan that "both sides are prepared to show a spirit of conciliation."

Today, you cannot find an Indian, either official or private citizen, who will voice anything faintly smacking of com-



BOATS are used for much of the transportation in Srinagar and surrounding area. Here is one carrying freight on a canal through Srinagar. (Roundup 1964 photo)



NATIVE of Kashmir carries load of rice straw on his boat. (Roundup 1964 photo)

DECEMBER, 1965

The Kashmir Powder Keg

promise. From high and low, one opinion is expressed: Kashmir is India's, period. There will be no discussion about that fact.

When talking about Pakistan, about the war, or about government policy an Indian will be frank, philosophical and often critical. But at the very mention of Kashmir the curtain is drawn.

The same emotional response exists in Pakistan, but there it is compounded by a sense of frustration. Kashmir, to the Pakistani, by all right should be theirs. It is more than 80 percent Muslim, it is contiguous to Pakistan geographically, socially and ethnically. It is, as one Pakistani said, the *raison d'être* of Pakistan, the glittering and at present unattainable jewel in the north.

And as a Pakistani will quickly remind you, the K in Pakistan stands for Kashmir. To add to the frustration, world opinion from the United Nations down has consistently favored the Pakistan position that the people of Kashmir should be permitted to determine their own fate.

But India is adamant and at the moment inflexible. On the matter of Kashmir, so is Pakistan. The collision that results is inevitable.

That Pakistan has been fomenting strife in Kashmir, including the training of guerrillas is accepted without question in both countries.

If there is any doubt on that point it was dispelled at the end of last month when the Pakistan government issued a press release in the capital of Rawalpindi announcing that a training camp for guerrillas was being opened in Bagh, in the part of Kashmir controlled by Pakistan.

The Indian government has made much of the guerrilla warfare in Kashmir. In their official view, Pakistani infiltrators began the present conflict when they crossed into Indian-controlled Kashmir beginning on Aug. 5. India, in this view, has been merely suppressing an act of aggression.

Strangely enough, the much-publicized guerrilla war has caused little visible damage. But anyone who has driven along the spectacularly narrow and twisting national highway stretching for 220 precipitous miles over the Himalayas knows that only a handful of men with a few sticks of dynamite could seal off the Vale of Kashmir from all but air traffic in a matter of seconds.

Another key part of the Indian argument—again one that is expressed everywhere—is that the people of Kashmir themselves do not support the Pakistani cause. Much is made of the "loyalty" of the Kashmiris to India.

As a government publication presents the case, "They (Kashmiris) have given the lie to the imaginary accounts of the 'popular uprising' . . . echoed by the Pakistan press and radio. They have met the Pakistani invasion with staunch resistance, resoluteness and widespread indignation."

That statement, as the facts in this story indicate, could not be made with accuracy about Kashmir today.

At the very least, it is clear that a large number of Kashmiris do not favor the continued rule of India. Whether they want an independent Kashmir or to be a part of Pakistan is unanswerable. But they do desire a change.

For that reason a tenuous form of order is being maintained by armed force. How long it will last no one can say.

In the meantime the people of Kashmir, so many of whom are desperately poor in the best of times, seem destined to endure still another chapter of woe written in one of the most beautiful spots on earth.

—THE END

ROUNDUP
BINDERS

\$3.00
Postpaid



Ex-CBI Roundup

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CBI DATELINE

*News dispatches from recent issues
of The Calcutta Statesman*

NEW DELHI—The first sounding rockets to be manufactured in India will be launched from the equatorial launching station in Thumba (Kerala) in 1967. An agreement for their manufacture under license from the French manufacturers has already been signed with Sud Aviation of France. Two types of rockets, the Belier and the Centaure, capable of going up to a height of about 180 km, are to be produced. The rockets are to be used for scientific research by the Thumba Equatorial Rocket Launching Station which has hitherto been entirely dependent on rockets supplied by the USA and France for conducting its experiments in the ionosphere. The station, set up by the Indian National Committee for Space Research of the Atomic Energy Department of the Government of India, has been functioning since 1963.

CALCUTTA—In spite of the campaign against the English language in some parts of India, the largest number of books published in the country during 1964-65 was in English, according to data available in the National Library, Calcutta. The total number of books produced during the year was 21,265, of which those in English were 10,438. The number of publications in different Indian languages has increased from 8,461 in 1889-90 to 10,827 in the year under review. Although during the last 75 years the number of literate persons in India has increased from 6% to 23.7%, the output of Indian language publications has not gone up by even 30%.

NEW DELHI—A big controversy has developed over the manufacture of TV sets in India. Following reports that collaboration was planned with Hungary, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia or the Soviet Union in the field, numerous protests were made by those who felt that Indians could make their own TV sets without help from foreign countries.

RAWALPINDI—Eighty workers were buried under debris when a canal bridge collapsed at Tila Bund, near Peshawar, 100 miles west of Rawalpindi. Rescue operations were delayed because the accident took place in an isolated jungle area. The bridge collapsed following an explosion, the cause of which was unknown.

KATIHAR—Three little village girls proved through their death something that many adults seem often to forget, that humanity is more important than caste or creed. The girls, one a Muslim and the other two Hindus, were bathing at a ghat in the village of Rajwara, near here, when the Muslim girl cried out for help. The other two girls swam to her rescue, but they got tangled up together and all were drowned.

RAIPUR—An interstate gang of child-lifters was unearthed by the Bilaspur police recently. The police arrested seven persons for allegedly kidnaping children and selling them. The gang operated under the fake name of an orphanage and kept children in a temple on the outskirts of the town.

KARACHI—The Pakistani Government has announced that it would import coal for industrial use from China. Grey cement will be imported from China and the Soviet Union for consumption in East Pakistan.

BOMBAY—Mr. Justice Kotwal and Mr. Justice Chitale, of the Bombay High Court, recently found Perspective Publications Private Ltd. and D. R. Goyal, publisher and editor respectively of Mainstream, a weekly periodical of Delhi, guilty of contempt of court. Their lordships sentenced Goyal to undergo a term of simple imprisonment for a month and to pay a fine of Rs 1,000. The case arose out of the Maharashtra Government's complaint in regard to an article in Mainstream which it was alleged contained a scandalous attack upon Mr. Justice Tarkunde.

IMPHAL—Over 1,000 Naga hostiles have gone to East Pakistan, through Burmese territory, to secure more arms and get themselves trained in guerrilla warfare, according to reliable reports. Most of them came from Nagaland and later they were joined by Tangkhul Nagas in the Ukhrul subdivision of Manipur. They were reported to have forcibly collected money from Naga and Burmese villagers during their journey to Pakistan.

DARJEELING—The Mary Scott Home for the Blind at Kalimpong is celebrating its silver jubilee this year. The Hon. Mary M. H. Scott, who founded the home 25 years ago, came to India in 1905 as an honorary worker for the Church of Scotland and first worked among the hill peoples. She was affectionately known as "Aunty Mary." In 1954 she asked the Salvation Army to take over, as she was too old to carry on any longer. She died last year.

Tales of CBI

BY CLYDE H. COWAN

THE SAGA OF T/5 CLAUDE HOPPER

Warrior Hopper was equipped with adult-sized feet when he entered the strife-torn world. Before he was a week old, it was predicted that, in due time, the rest of his anatomy would catch up in growth. As an infant, little Claude bypassed the bootie-wearing period of life; and under the blanket of blue his "little" feet were shod with the sturdy campus styles of the college man. Old Dr. Bailey, the family physician, predicted that the little fellow possessed the foundation of a seven-foot giant; and if given the proper nourishment, he would certainly attain that Alpine height.

Even the foot-fitting specialists were in a state of uncertainty. Brogans purchased for Claude seemed to be of great size externally, but internally they were short. Christmas gift sox were usually donated to the Goodwill, or, if worn, they soon had the appearance of over-worked tea bags. The time came when most shoe stores did not even have the tools to measure his tremendous understanding.

As a "draftee" in World War II, Claude Hopper was in the top three per cent in age, but a hasty survey of statistics showed that only one man out of 250,000 was qualified to fill his shoes. The Quartermaster Department released these ultra-conservative figures late in 1943. (Reference, Dec. 1943, issue of Quartermaster Review in Library of Congress.)

Army gumshoes were nearly large enough, and he declined a tour of duty at Fort Carsons, Colorado, the Army Ski School. It was suggested that, by simply removing the rubber heels from his brogans, Private Hopper would be ready for a downhill slalom. Also, the military experts believed that snowshoes would be unnecessary for this sturdy warrior with the long feet and short I.Q.

In India, Hopper was assigned to an Army Post Office in hot Assam, where it is also very damp. In such a climate his extra pair of footgear was soon covered with a protective coat of Kelly Green mold, causing it to resemble a set of matched overnight bags.

When replacement footwear became imperative, the requisition was turned over to the reverse lend-lease authority. In due time Pvt. Claude Hopper received a pair of the most unusual Army Shoes

ever issued to an American soldier: Indian made, of glove leather uppers and roofing paper soles. The tongues were three inches too long and hung over the instep, reminding one of an open-mouthed collie dog with a perpetual grin on its face. These mud scows were O.K. till the monsoons came. Soaked with water, the soles soon resembled a bowl of oatmeal porridge. They shaped to the soles of his feet so well that, when out for a walk, he would leave a trail of near-human footprints behind him.

Hopper was fond of taking long hikes in the rural farm lands around Dibrugarh, Assam. The local police authorities set off a flurry of excitement when they announced in the press that the Himalaya Snow Man had come down from the mountains again and warned mothers to keep their little ones indoors after dark.

After Pvt. Claude Hopper's departure for China, the Assam Tribune of April 7, 1945, carried the following news dispatch: "No more footprints of the giant Yetta have been reported, and it must be assumed that this creature has returned to his natural abode, high in the snowy peaks of the nearby Pakti Range."

In China, Pvt. Hopper again was plagued with shoe troubles. After exploring all sources of procurement, the Q.M. Department ordered two pairs from Uncle Sugar on a 120 day delivery schedule, but what was the middle-aged Pvt. Claude Hopper going to do in the meantime?

After an exhaustive search, an extra-sized pair of knee-high rubber boots was found, but it was July and hot! To the uninitiated but chemically inclined, try wearing a pair of these in 100 degree weather for eight hours, then analyze the gas generated therein!

The shoes from U.S.A. never reached their would-be owner because he was on the good ship Hugh L. Scott and sailing for home on the high seas, wearing open-toed G.I. oxfords of his own pocket knife alteration and design.

Is this yarn true? Yes, like Ivory Soap, 99 44/100 per cent. How do I know? Well, dear reader, it is like this: T/5 Claude Hopper, United States Army, really has a set of initials that spell CHC!

—THE END

Tell Your Friends
about
Ex-CBI Roundup

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

The Gift You Give 10 Times Per Year!

This year make it a real CBI gift . . . for Christmas, birthday or any other occasion. Make it a subscription to Ex-CBI Roundup, the magazine for all CBiers.

It's only \$4.00 for a year, \$7.50 for two years. And at your request we will send an attractive gift card with the following wording:

Best Wishes!

Please accept a subscription to

Ex-CBI Roundup
—CHINA—BURMA—INDIA—

entered for you as a gift from

Be sure to indicate clearly the name you want signed to the gift card, and tell us when card is to be mailed.

Ex-CBI Roundup

P.O. Box 125

Laurens, Iowa 50554

Christmas in Calcutta

By MARGO SKINNER

From San Francisco Chronicle

In India every day is a holiday—or almost. There are the times of secular celebration, as in every country: Independence Day, Mahatma Gandhi's birthday.

And with a fine tolerance the government of India proclaims, and people take time off for, the festivals of all the religions: the gayety of Holi, celebrating the coming of spring for Hindus; Ramadan, most significant of Moslem holy times; and December 25th, the birthday of Christ.

Waking, therefore, on Christmas morning in the women's ward of a Calcutta hospital, I was full of anticipation.

The first symbol of the day to arrive was a great golden orange, just like one I received in an earlier hospital stay on Gandhi's birthday. Oranges are relatively expensive in India, a luxury for holidays. Their color may be significant as well, for orange, saffron, is the color of holy men's garments.

I had a stream of visitors that day. Chako, my Syrian Christian girl-friend, a teacher from Travancore, whose religion dates back supposedly to the Second Century, when St. Thomas is said to have visited South India, was the first.

She brought dainty Indian sweets, all milk and sugar and butter and spices, and a silver box that still sits on my dresser. My English friends came, loaded with books and homemade chocolate fudge.

All the nurses who were off-duty stopped by. It is their custom on Christmas to visit the patients. Vanished were the stiff starched white uniforms and tidy caps; instead they wore vivid silk and chiffon saris, with jewels in their ears and at their throats, and bangles tinkling on their wrists, and their long black hair beautifully coiffed into elegant double knots and chignons, with jasmine wound into it.

From my favorite, a merry-eyed Nepali girl, I received a treasure: a photo of Hilary and Tensing, autographed, a souvenir of the Everest expedition.

Santa Claus came by too, from the children's ward. Dressed in red, pot-bellied with pillows, and wearing a most improbable white beard, his ho-ho-ho came out in a distinctly Bengali accent.

The jovial resident had dressed up to please the children.

In the afternoon we listened to Indian classical music on the radio. Then there were folk songs, and one of the ayahs, the hard-working, cheerful Indian equivalents of nurses' aides, began to dance for us. She was a very plump ayah, and bounced a little as she danced, but her feet never missed a beat, the heavy silver bracelets on her ankles clinking rhythmically.

But the best part was a visit to the chapel in the hospital basement. An Anglican padre, a handsome South Indian, had come around the day before and invited the ladies to go to church. In that ward there were no Anglicans. All were Hindu, except for an Armenian woman, who was of course Greek Orthodox, and me, the only other Westerner, a sort of lapsed Methodist.

I saw the priest talking to Karuna, the most loved patient in the hospital. She was listening to him and smiling, as she always smiled.

Karuna was a small lady, very thin, with cafe-au-lait skin, immense, beautiful dark eyes, and completely white hair. Despite this, she could not have been more than 40. She came from a village and was obviously poor.

She had been brought to the hospital for a goiter operation—the great lump swelled out in her throat underneath that beautiful face, to which the lines of experience only gave richness.

Once she was in the hospital, the doctors had not dared operate. A kind of chronic malnutrition plus a heart condition made it very dangerous. So they kept her for several months, building her up.

"I help the nurses," she told me, gesturing toward the terrace. "With bed patients."

She was speaking of the chronic invalids, the crippled who never left their beds, and who were moved, on nice days, into the balmy air of the porch.

It was Karuna whose shoulder I cried on, literally, when I got a piece of bad news about my own family, and her work-hardened brown hands patted me gently, while she murmured comfort, now in Hindi, now in English.

After some time Karuna had her operation. Kindly doctors conned her into it, so that she would not worry and endanger her heart more. They told her

they were making some more tests, which necessitated anesthesia.

Afterwards she was in an oxygen tent, and people from all over the large hospital came asking for news of her. When she recovered—no one ever got more solicitous care anywhere—she again began to “help the nurses” during her convalescence. And it was then that I had seen the young Anglican priest speak to her.

Two people went to chapel on Christmas day. One was I; the other was Karuna, an orthodox Hindu from a village.

I saw her bright, saffron-colored figure on the stairs ahead of me, and ran down to catch up. She was wearing her best sari, of the holy color. In one of her hands she carried the great golden orange from the morning.

“You are going to temple?” she inquired.

I nodded.

She took one of my hands in hers, and we descended to the chapel.

It was a beautiful little chapel, and the altar flamed with candles for the birthday of Christ. The priest was there, looking somehow larger in his vestments. Near him stood a nurse, a raw-boned Anglo-Indian girl whom I didn't know.

Karuna headed straight for the high altar, holding her orange out in both her cupped hands.

“We don't do that here,” said the nurse in a pseudo-English accent, intercepting her.

But the priest had moved quickly too. He took the golden orange from Karuna's outstretched hands, and placed it in the very center of the altar.

Then we celebrated the birthday of Our Lord together.

—THE END



NEW DELHI—Scientists of the Research and Development Organization of the Ministry of Defense have accelerated their efforts to devise indigenously, items of armament important so far. Among the most recent items designed is a sniper telescope which enables accurate sniping over a long range. Infra-red binoculars have been made to fit on tanks for operations at night. The scientists have also developed a mine clearing device of considerable efficiency.

NEW DELHI—It will be at least another two years before another attempt on Mt. Everest is made by an Indian expedition, according to Lt. Cdr. M. S. Kohli, leader of the 1965 successful expedition. Kohli said recently that even five months after the Everest expedition, he had not resumed his physical activities.

CALCUTTA—The West Bengal Cabinet has noted with concern recently the appearance of a new class of moneylender, taking advantage of the distress in badly-affected food scarcity districts like Nadia, Murshidabad and Malda, lending money to the needy at 52 per cent interest.

HYDERABAD—Some 1,500 village officers of Visakhapatnam district in Andhra recently resigned en masse in protest against “harrassment by revenue

officials.” It was alleged that village officers were being indiscriminately removed from their posts by officials who had no power to do so and higher authorities were taking no action.

TRIVANDRUM—A factory for the manufacture of brandy from cashew apple juice will be set up in Kerala soon under the auspices of the Banana and Fruit Development Corporation. The proposed factory will have two units, one to manufacture brandy and the other to make vitamin C products.

CALCUTTA—Traffic policemen here are now wearing a new uniform. A white plastic helmet, trousers and anklets have replaced the old black beret, shorts and socks.

NEW DELHI—The Heavy Engineering Corporation, Ranchi, hopes to be in a position to put up a completely Indian steel plant by 1973.

SRINAGAR—Any person found indulging in rumour-mongering of a nature likely to impair military operations or national security will be dealt with under the Defense of India Rules and will be liable to five years imprisonment or fine, or both, it has been officially announced here.

CALCUTTA—Indiscriminate pulling of alarm chains is still creating difficulties for the railways. During the first quarter of 1965, alarm chains were pulled 1,770 times on the South-Eastern Railway causing detention of trains by a total of 225 hours. In 1,384 cases offenders could not be detected, and only 53 of them could be prosecuted.

A CBI Christmas Memory

By GEORGE W. JENKINS

From The Ohio Magazine, 1946.

I have just returned to my own comfortable home here near Tripp City, Ohio . . . a placid, easy moving typical Ohio community.

The fragrance of the approaching holidays saturates the air, and to me it means much, for this will be my first Christmas in Ohio in four years.

However, Christmas, 1946 recalls indelibly another Christmas . . . just two years ago, or was it an eternity ago?

December 24, 1944! There seemed to be a general slackening in the rapid pace of the air war in China, but the "Hump" cargo planes droned noisily overhead, preparatory to landing on Kunming Airfield.

My friend Ellett and I had been invited to Christmas Eve dinner in the home of Dr. Hsu, an American educated Christian Chinese.

Plans following dinner included our being guests of the Christian Chinese Refugee Orphanage. As this was our relief day we were free to accept the invitation.

Mid-afternoon found us trudging slowly on the dust-covered South-eastward road between Kunming and Chengkung.

Bright sun streamed down and warmed the earth, giving life to the growing things in the paddies that paralleled the road. Across the lake to our right, Old Baldy reared a majestic summit into the blue heavens.

At our left, brown hills of ancient China rolled continuously beyond the reach of our eyes.

We were new in China and overwhelmed with the adventure of our experiences. Our imaginations ran rampant, engulfed in the legends of Marco Polo roaming these roads in his travels.

Who were we to doubt? Even now bandit tribesmen plunder and maraud those hills for down through the centuries, Chinese provinces have banished many of their objectionable characters to Yenan.

Shadows lengthened as the sun sank lower and presently we arrived at the village home of Dr. and Mrs. Hsu. We spent a pleasant half hour in acquainting ourselves with the children and listening to Dr. Hsu's reminiscences of his years in America.

He told of attending various colleges

and universities during his seven years here and of Mrs. Hsu's education and graduation from Cornell.

After dinner was announced we entered the house to take our places around the table. Sumptuous food and delicacies were served.

Veritable mountains of it delighted our healthy appetites as we ate Peking duck, egg foo yong, mushrooms, cauliflower prepared by a variety of methods, water chestnuts, braised beef, sweet-sour pork, bamboo shoots, goudzas, rice, nuts, sweetmeats, tangerines and foods too numerous to mention.

Following dinner we walked through the narrow village street, past the pond, to the orphanage chapel which was already well filled.

The interior of the chapel amazed us as we made our way to our front row seats. Ten thousand miles from Ohio we witnessed a real Christmas tree, aglow with shimmering tinsel, gay evergreen wreaths decked with red toys and even traditional paper Santas cheered our homesick hearts.

Not alone the decorations marked this as "real Christmas at home," but rather the rosy, expectant, shiny-eyed youngsters set the real pace of the holiday, excitement. Some of the children were maimed and crippled by war, yet they were intensely alive and eager with the real Christmas spirit which we know in Ohio and which endears it to our hearts.

Presently familiar strains of "Holy Night" filled the chapel by aid of an old-fashioned pump organ.

The stage curtain rolled back revealing the timely and ever-magnificent lesson that our world should then and now remember. The Star of Bethlehem was over China that night.

A manger bedded with rice straw was hovered over by a young Chinese woman as the Virgin Mary. Joseph was a young Chinese man and the Christ Child was a Chinese infant. The three wise men were Chinese. I believe I speak for every American soldier in that audience when I say we bowed our heads in humbleness in the presence of the dramatic significance of this occasion.

With jarring suddenness we learned that the most beautiful story in the world was not merely "ours"; but a religious basis for all people of all races of all nations.

Following the pageant of the birth of the Christ Child, a young Chinese woman

sang "White Christmas" in English and other selections latent with memories of Christmas at home.

All too soon the entertainment concluded and after expressing our gratitude for their kindness, we headed back to our quarters at the airfield.

Approaching the field, we noted the lights were suddenly blacked out. An angry snarl of fighter planes filled the air, accompanied by the crashing ripping, tearing noise of bursting bombs. This was Tojo's "Merry Christmas!"

Sheltered in a muddy hole along the road I couldn't escape the comparison. A few hours of beauty, peace and happiness and then back to the ugly business of helping to win a war. What irony — "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Today, with the war behind us, yet too new to be erased from our memories, I know beyond doubt . . . when "Christ" is taken from Christmas, it is meaningless. May it never happen again!

—THE END

Notice of Subscription Rate Adjustment

Due to increased costs of production, it has become necessary to change subscription rates of Ex-CBI Roundup for the first time in many years.

Effective immediately, the following rates will be in effect:

ONE YEAR	\$ 4.00
TWO YEARS	\$ 7.50
THREE YEARS	\$11.50
 Foreign, ONE YEAR	 \$ 5.00
Foreign, TWO YEARS	\$ 9.00

Single copies will be sold at 40 cents each. Subscription payments received at the old rate will be credited at the single copy price, on a pro-rata basis of 40c per issue.

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP

P.O. Box 125

Laurens, Iowa 50554

Why U.S. Stumbles In India, Pakistan

By CONRAD FINK

The Associated Press

RAWALPINDI, Pakistan—Trying to be all things to all people, the United States has gotten into a diplomatic muddle in the Indian subcontinent.

A policy of equal treatment for two nations that are bitter foes has brought Washington little prestige in either India or Pakistan.

The harsh facts are these:

In the last 14 years the United States has put more than \$11.6 billion economic and military aid into Pakistan and India.

The aim was a "joint defense" against Communism.

Yet Pakistan today openly is voicing hostility to Washington while rapidly strengthening ties with Communist China and other "socialist" nations.

India, at best, is scornful of American foreign policy and Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri rarely bypasses the opportunity to be critical of the way President Johnson is running the Vietnam war.

Americans are asking themselves how this happened, how almost unnoticed a "Yankee go home" movement could develop as it has here in Pakistan. Or how India could misunderstand U.S. policy in Asia.

One answer that keeps coming up is that, from the very beginning, the United States has misunderstood India and Pakistan.

First, this reasoning goes, the United States falsely assumed that bundles of dollars and the example of "The American way" somehow could make non-Asians out of the 580 million Asians in the subcontinent and somehow provide Western solutions to Asian problems.

Some Americans say the United States completely underestimated the bitterness between India and Pakistan and this inevitably doomed Washington's attempt to play both sides of the street.

There is evidence to support these points.

Both Shastri and President Mohammed Ayub Khan of Pakistan are making a big pitch for influence in the Afro-Asian world, often to the detriment of ties with the United States.

Neither leader has forgotten that his country and its problems must be viewed in the Asian context.

Ayub, at one time considered to be a firm American ally, constantly makes it clear that while Washington is thousands

of miles away he and Pakistan are next door to China.

Pakistan must normalize relations with its neighbors, he says, and "Pakistan is looking for friends not masters."

As for the Pakistan-India quarrel, interviews with officials in both countries show this is the central theme around which almost all policy is built.

Both say in effect: "Anyone not with us is against us."

Both demand from their friends all-out support in the struggle over the Himalayan state of Kashmir.

China has bet on just one of the two bickering neighbors—Pakistan—and is moving quickly and with skill to exploit the opening offered by Pakistan's quarrel with the United States.

Peking denounced as "shameless blackmail" Washington's revelation it was delaying new aid commitments. In the meantime it said it would like to discuss certain matters with Pakistan.

This demonstration of support drew cheers in Pakistan and opened the way for greater friendship—even though the Chinese steered clear of offering to replace American aid.

Russian diplomats in Pakistan are transparently anxious to exploit United States-Pakistan differences, but Moscow apparently is afraid of the same trap that caught Washington.

With more than \$1 billion economic aid invested in India, the Soviet Union apparently does not dare risk offending Indians by rushing to Pakistan's side too quickly with too much.

CBI Lapel Pins

(Screw-on Type)

Price only \$1.00 each

Send For Yours Today

They are tiny—only ½-inch high, ⅜-inch wide—but will catch the eye of any CBI-er you chance to meet.

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP

P. O. Box 125

Laurens, Iowa

Richard Leonard Coad

● My husband, Capt. Richard Leonard Coad, died of a heart attack last May 21st. He had been hospitalized in India, 20th General Hospital. Since I have no addresses for some of the men in his company, I hope you can supply me with these. I need to know the present address of Roy D. Meiller; the last letter we had from him was 1950—Mazomanie, Wis. Also would like the address of an officer by the name of Lehman or Leman. My husband was a company commander and was in maintenance engineering, heavy equipment.

MRS. LOUISE H. COAD,
116 N. Oak St.,
North Platte, Nebr.

Anyone who knew Captain Coad in India, or has any information about the addresses requested, is invited to contact Mrs. Coad.
—Ed.

Group Commander

● New commander of the 809th Combat Support Group at Warren AFB, Cheyenne, Wyo., is Col. Donald W. Johnson, former Akron, Ohio, resident and a graduate of Kent State University. He had been vice commander of the 90th Strategic Missile Wing at Warren prior to this appointment, and earlier had headed a strategic missile wing at Lowry AFB, Colo. Colonel Johnson flew in the CBI theater during World War II and holds the Legion of Merit, Distinguished Flying Cross and many other awards.

(From a newspaper clipping submitted by Joseph A. Nedoh, Barberton, Ohio.)

Reunion in Taipei

● My wife, a group of friends and I have just returned from a trip around the world, and the high point of the tour was a reunion with some of the Chinese First Army Artillery officers whom I knew at the Ramgarh Training

Center. I am enclosing a list of the officers who were present with their addresses so that some of the Americans who knew them might communicate with them if they so desire. The highest ranks held by any of them at Ramgarh were lieutenant colonels and majors. Maj. Gen. Hao Pai-Tsun is now a corps commander. Maj. Gen. C. S. Fan and Maj. Gen. Chang Shih-Chi are on the staff near Taipei as is Col. Chen-Mu Foon. Mr. Wang Hung Yuan is a civilian, having retired as a lieutenant colonel. He was with the 155-mm. regiment; a large, strong man. Mr. Chu Fun Kao is also retired. He was on the staff of one of the

regiments at Ramgarh. This group held a dinner party for my friends and me—with course following course and, certainly, the "kan-peing" that accompanies a formal Chinese meal. Then they all came down to the airport and gave us a royal sendoff. Perhaps some of the American artillerymen who were at Ramgarh will be interested.

WILLIAM E. ROBERTS,
Maj.-Gen., Retd.,
Columbus, Miss.

Ramgarh veterans interested in contacting any of the Chinese officers listed may obtain their addresses by contacting Ex-CBI Roundup.—Ed.



STREET SCENE in Kunming, China, with rickshaw in foreground. Photo by Ted Jackowicz.



Commander's Message

by

Joseph P. Pohorsky, Sr.

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Salaams, Sahibs and Memsahibs:

On October 15th, my wife and I headed for Youngstown, Ohio, to attend the Ohio State Department CBI meeting. Our trip was a very enjoyable one. Good weather topped off the wonderful fall foliage, radiating its beauty.

We were house guests of Ethel Yavorsky, National Judge Advocate of the CBIVA. We arrived a day early for the meeting. The distance from Milwaukee to Youngstown is 525 miles; it is quite a drive. By arriving early I had the opportunity to discuss national business and the coming National Board meeting with Joe Nivert, our National Senior Vice Commander, and Ethel Yavorsky, National Judge Advocate.

The Ohio State meeting started at 6:30 with refreshments, followed by a delicious meal. The hall and tables were decorated with fall leaves and gourdes. After the dinner and meeting I installed the state officers. Al Wilhelm is the new Ohio State Department Commander; I'd say the department is in good hands. He has a fine slate of officers to work with him. Dancing followed until midnight.

The Mahoning Valley Basha hosted the Ohio State Department meeting. Those wonderful guys and gals from this basha sure know how to put on a show. The committee should be proud of the efforts that went into making it a successful affair. Our hats are off to the committee—the Zimmermans and the Novickys.

On November 5th, the National Board members and Milwaukee Basha mem-

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup or vice versa.
—Ed.

bers and their wives were guests of Lester Dencker (Past National Commander, CBIVA) at a cocktail party in his private suite at the Elks Club. Les is the Exalted Ruler of the Milwaukee Elks No. 46.

Gene Brauer, entertainment chairman, William DeGray, Milwaukee Basha commander, Les Dencker, our host at the Elks, and Joe Cicerello, who was in charge of the dinner dance, put extra effort in making the weekend a very enjoyable one for all. Coffee and sweet rolls were served at National Headquarters for all who attended the morning meeting.

The business meeting included May board meeting minutes, Houston Reunion minutes, financial report, and report from all national officers.

At noon we had a delicious luncheon at the Elks Club, and then returned to the War Memorial to resume our business meeting. Action was taken on disposition of the jeep which was bought for Dr. Seagrave. Due to his death, the Seagrave chairman was instructed to find a worthy recipient of the jeep (at the Houston Reunion meeting). Action was taken and Vellore College in India will receive the jeep.

We have received an application for a charter from a basha to be known as the Tay Karna Fayhr Basha, Traverse City, Mich. There are 21 charter members. The National Board unanimously approved their request. Congratulations to our newest basha!

A nationwide membership drive will be conducted. Joe Nivert, Senior Vice Commander, is the chairman. The appointment of four additional Junior Vice Commanders was ratified on a trial basis.

Saturday evening the CBI group gathered at the Cudworth American Legion Post for cocktails, dinner and dancing. It was a very entertaining weekend.

Harold Kretchmar, reunion chairman for 1966, informed me that plans are well under way for the coming national reunion which will be held in St. Louis, Mo. So plan your vacation now. Mark your calendar for August 3, 4, 5 & 6, 1966. St. Louis has lots to offer us; be one of the first to see the "Gateway to the West" arch.

We have plans for a visit to the Motor City Basha, Detroit, and Chicago Basha in December. More next month.

JOSEPH P. POHORSKY, SR.
National Commander, CBIVA
3353 So. Adams Avenue
Milwaukee, Wis. 53207



IDOLS in temple near Kunming, China. The fierce looking gent with sword seems to be protecting the musician. Photo by Ted Jackowicz.

After Seven Years

● Am an ex-CBI'er and was a subscriber to the Roundup for a good many years. I was browsing through my 1958 issues and the old memories of the war years came back to me. Since I have not been a subscriber since early 1958 I thought I would write to you and find out if the old Roundup was still in business; if so please advise the subscription rates as I believe I would like to once again become a Roundup subscriber after about a seven year lapse. My original issues go back to the early years after the war and shortly after the magazine was founded. During the fifties I took my copies to a bookbinder in Oakland where I was living at the time, and had them bound. I still get a lot of pleasure of going back through some of the early issues and reading about the old days in the CBI, particularly in the Calcutta area. I have read articles by several buddies of mine with whom I served in the 327th Harbor Craft Company, to which outfit I was assigned following my discharge

from the hospital where I spent some time recovering from wounds received in action on Okinawa. While my service in the old CBI was not as long a duration as some of the other ex-CBI gang, I was there long enough to get a good taste of the hardships and unpleasant experiences which all of us had to contend with. I sincerely hope you are still in business and that this letter will reach you.

HOWARD B. GORMAN,
Sonora, Calif.

Sentry Dogs Again

● Last night I came across an article in Army Times about the Air Force recruiting German shepherd dogs to augment its sentry dog corps. It is certainly reminiscent of World War II when civilians were invited by the Army to "donate" police dogs, German shepherd dogs, etc., to act in a similar capacity at Army installations. I think they were also used in combat areas. Anyway, the reason for sending it to you is that about 20 years ago, as an MP inspector out of New Delhi SOS Hq., I recall being sent on an inspection trip to Assam and that one of the places I checked with was a small "dog sentry" installation. It was very impressive, yet I have never heard any mention of this outfit—and its work—in Roundup. I wonder if any of your readers served with it or know about it and I believe it would be very interesting to hear about it again... especially now that we have practically everyone involved in wars, whether police actions or otherwise, the animal world as well.

JOHN J. GUSSAK,
New York, N.Y.

We'd be happy to hear from anyone who can give us a story on the use of dogs in CBI—Ed.



QUEENS HOTEL and Promenade along Kandy Lake in Ceylon. Photo by C. P. O'Connell.

A New CBI Book

Written by a
well-known CBI veteran

Jump to the Land of God

This is the story of five Americans, members of the crew of a giant cargo plane, who became lost during World War II while en route from Kunming to Jorhat. Caught in a mighty Himalayan storm, the airmen strayed into Tibet and became the first to fly over the Holy City of Lhasa. With their fuel gone, they jumped into the black of night . . . into a land and among a people that they could not have conceived of in their wildest fancy.

Every CBI veteran should read this new book!



Lt. Col. William Boyd Sinclair is well known to Roundup readers . . . for many years he edited the Book Review section in this magazine. He is a former editor of the original CBI Roundup, newspaper of the U.S. Forces in CBI, and also was with the 12th Air Service Group, 14th Air Force.

Boyd Sinclair has written a number of magazine articles about World War II in the CBI area, and many of them have appeared in Roundup. He now lives in Austin, Tex., where he is Chief Administrative Officer for Texas Selective Service.

\$6⁹⁵ postpaid

Order your copy of this book from
Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, Laurens, Iowa